IF I should ask you to do this
To inrich my lips with one sweet kiss,
It would better be ten thousand fold
To me, than was great Cræsus gold,
One hony kisse will end the strife
If otherwise 'twill cost my life,
Shall I dye or live, say I or no;
You pretty little Ladies can do so.

My person pure, my heart and hand,
Shall ever be at your command;
I'le ride and run at your desire,
Through water cold, or flames of fire;
What is't that I'le not undertake,
If I could once but hear thée speak,
One loving word to ease my woe?
You pretty little Ladies, &c.

This is the prime time of the year,
This is the time to make good cheer,
This is the time call'd Whitsontide,
This time will I make thée my Bride,
If you thereto will give consent,
This match we never need repent,
Both hand in hand, to Church wé'l go.
You pretty Ladies will do so.

Five hundred pound I have said he,
All which I will bestow on thée,
Besides Corn, Sheep and Cattle store
And all that I have spoke before;
You shal have Servants great and small
To wait on you when e're you call,
What you'l have done command them do
You pretty little Ladies will do so.

You shall be fed with diet fine,
Your drink shall be the purest wine,
The rarest Musick can be had,
Chearfully shall play to make you glad
And when you hear the Musick sound,
If't please you for to dance a round,
And nimbly trip it with the toe,
You pretty little Ladies can do so.

When she had heard his complement,
And he related his intent;
About his neck her arms she clips,
And with swèt kisses imbalm'd his lips:
And in requital of her pain
He pay'd her with the like again;
She left her note of answering no;
You pretty little Ladies will do so.

At last being ravished both with joy,
One to the other seem'd not coy,
But on a sudden down they fell,
How he came off I cannot tell;
But sure they drive some pretty trade,
Cupid and Venus lent them aid;
They did as other Lovers do;
You pretty little Ladies will do so.

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